

# From London To Paris

I'll be holding all the tickets and you'll be owning all the fines

Posted in **Fuck it, London** by Loli on August 24, 2010

What I'll be wearing on Friday at Reick en Sone : )



- Lace biker jacket* - H&M
- Top* - Zara
- Leggings* - Autreton
- Shoes* - Free'p'star vintage
- Bag* - Primark

(New occasional fashion posts by the way)

Alright, so I was bored to death on Tuesday afternoon, couldn't find anything to do, blah blah blah. WEDNESDAY on the other hand was reeeally good fun because Coralie and Rachel were on their way. Co's train got in at about 3.30 in the afternoon so me and Rachel picked her up and we hopped onto a 63 (after a little ticket/oyster incident nonetheless), got off at Rosebery Avenue and I walked them all the way to their residence hall (with the massssive lift and single bed - haha). We ate a whole packet of Percy Pigs and then caught the bus to Oxford Circus. We went to Carnaby Street, had a bit of a walkabout and checked out Liam's shop. I have to admit I was so disappointed! Because all in all it's just a men's clothes shop with pictures of the same model (model?) everywhere. The scarves and hats and t-shirts



## Fishtank

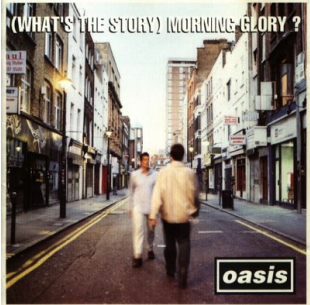
Spontaneous yet - quite surprisingly - partially thought through, my writing is essentially a product of whatever I enjoy and heed, although I deem the latter too explicit a word to be used in these circumstances. I would much rather say this page is an accurate representation of what grasps my attention for more than a few seconds. JOKES.



are all really expensive. What was hilarious though was how every guy who worked in/walked into the shop was sporting a Liam-do... one of the guys working there was really buff and on our way out we bumped into a bunch of guys who looked as though they'd been pulled out of a topman ad, or out of a band. I was meelllting I wanted to turn around so badly they just looked so perfect! Anyway, after that we walked down to Soho Square (therefore went past Wardour Street and Berwick Street, hint hint). And then we found it! GREEK STREET! The cakes in Maison Bertaux looked so yum we thought maybe we could sit down and have a slice... while Rachel and Coralie were going ecstatic over the cape, the Sergio signature and the absence of Sergio's demo in the Jellyfox (or whatever it was called) I had a look around and I must admit his paintings are alright, kind of the same thing over and over again though. After a couple of pictures and having had fun trying on the cape, we made our way to the nearest pub (on Cambridge Circus) where we had a couple of pints, BLTs and chips, and a delicious piece of CAKE for Coralie's birthdaaaaaaay! So much fun asking the hot bartender for a knife ahahaha. But yeah. After a while at "The Spice Of Life" we went back to Oxford Street and ended up have another couple of vodka/fruit juice in a Spanish Bar(?????). Greeeat night really, I enjoyed it so much!



islington – angel



Rainclouds, oh they used to chase me



**What I've been up to:**

- [August 2010](#)
- [July 2010](#)
- [June 2010](#)
- [May 2010](#)
- [April 2010](#)
- [March 2010](#)
- [February 2010](#)
- [January 2010](#)
- [December 2009](#)

## Category Cloud

A cup of tea  
solves everything  
Boredom and  
telly cigarettes  
and/or alcohol

Freedom Fuck

it Guitars and life Ian  
Brown very, very

soon London  
modelicious

Oasis, Noel or  
Liam Parisian

highlights Stone Roses

Uncategorized

We are the mods



camden passage, islington

Bon et par contre je sais pas si vous avez remarqué but I've got *the London Blues* again. I didn't do anything on Thursday apart from go to Spitalfields but I was alone so it was pretty boring. and on Thursday evening me and my Dad were taking the tube to Heathrow 4 when we came across a busker playing... The Scientist by Coldplay. Most depressing moment of my life. I almost started to cry and I couldn't face my dad properly, let alone the busker, for fear of breaking down like a little weakling. Speaking of sad songs, I trust you've heard of Bon Iver before? (*pronounced "bon hiver"*) I've just learned to play Skinny Love on the guitar but sadly it's a really difficult song to sing so it'll be a while before I manage to reach Justin Vernon's high Es.



2 comments

Posted in **Uncategorized** by Loli on August 21, 2010





expensive. Good ol' ferry! Anyway I've been doing quite a bit of shopping recently and I bought this really hot bag from Primark except I bought it on ebay for way more than it's originally worth... dead worth it though, I'd seen in at Easter but hadn't had the guts to splash out on yet another item...

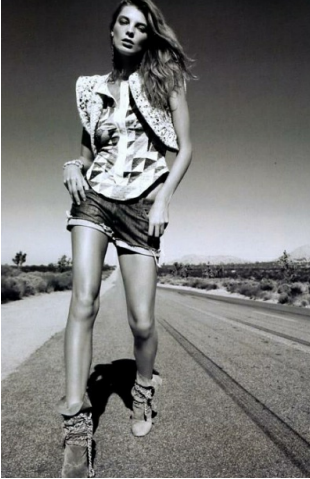
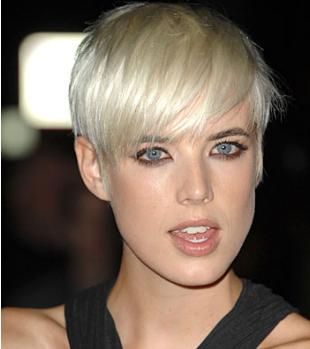


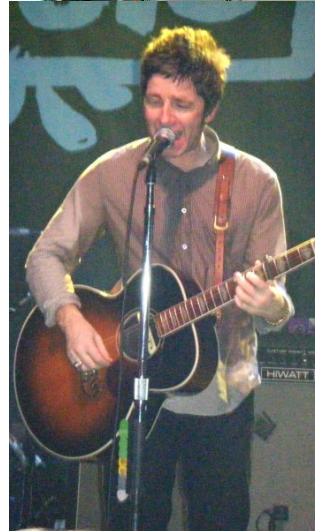
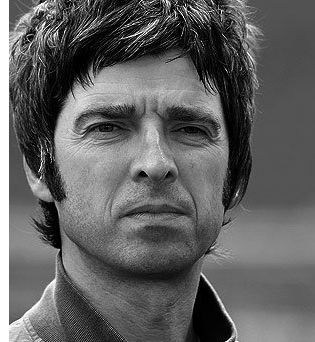
But there you go... it's done now! Other than that I have re-entered my "obsessed about vintage" phase again and got my hands on a black and gold cardi from a Vintage shop dans le Marais yesterday morning, after having had breakfast with my best friend at [Le Loir dans la Théière](#). It's a gorgeous place, looks really shabby and old, traditional, like. They serve you a glass of freshly squeezed apple juice, which beats the shit out of any Minute Maid or Just Juice you could ever taste, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and sweet tea. I also found the most amazing denim jacket my aunty used to wear in the 80s, shoulder pads included and everything... The picture's a little blurry but you get the idea...



Bombay Bicycle Club - The Maccabees - Ian Dury - Billy Bragg - Fine Young Cannibals - The Who - The Specials - Madness - The Styl Council - Kilburn & The High Roads

[leave a comment](#)





I'm sorry if I haven't posted on this in so long. I was a little busy, what with exams and all. Donc revenons un petit peu en arrière...

Revision up until 21st June (fête de la musique, urgh) was absolute hell, in total I must have spent about 48 hours at the library, reading and rereading my notes, finishing the books, novels and poem anthologies I was supposed to read throughout the year and didn't. On a couple of occasions I threatened my friends that I would kill them and then kill myself. Haha, talk about a living hell eh? But, you know, after having smoked 25 cigarettes, eaten 3 Starbucks cookies and breathed in and out a few times, you know you've got no choice but to hope it'll go down well. And... I think it did.

Lundi soir, party. Mardi matin, hangover puis arrivée à Londres toujours en mode hangover. Mercredi visite de la LSE, Jeudi visite de Pembroke College, Cambridge; Vendredi, visite de Mill Lane faculty.

Bref ce soir je sors et je me mets bien bien bien. A plus les gens, girls, remind me to remind you that we should go out for a pint sometime soon!

[leave a comment](#)

## Take me out tonight

Posted in **Uncategorized** by Loli on June 6, 2010

Je suis depuis vendredi soir la nouvelle rédactrice-en-chef de notre magazine littéraire <http://www.thewanderingquill.com> ! On me l'a annoncé le soir, à la soirée littéraire de notre revue, qui était d'ailleurs très réussie. Mari (<http://mariwoolf.blogspot.com>), my ex-boss, I am genuinely going to miss you; Hitlerette. It was so much fun getting to know each other professionally but I'm also going to miss the night time cigarettes we had down at your place, before an 8 o'clock start the next morning. Good luck in London, shiine on at UCL and gimme a ring once in a while! Oh et on a aussi pris un verre avec Ben, notre prof d'anglais, qui était super cool et avec qui on a bien parlé !

Six heures plus tard je me retrouve avec Caro et Audrey dans un bar à Odéon, assises à côté de deux trois mecs avec qui on a commencé à taper la discute. On a fini bien bourrées dans une boîte latino avec ces mecs de 35 ans qui nous payaient verre sur verre, et avec qui on dansait n'importe comment puisqu'on ne connaissait ni le cha cha, ni la salsa, ni la rumba, ni - bon, voilà quoi. C'était dingue, on s'est trop marrées! Vraiment très mémorable. Ils étaient tellement gentils! On est rentrées à 6 heures du matin en taxi - passer sur le pont Alexandre III et voir un lever de soleil dans Paris c'est honnêtement le plus beau sentiment du monde. On a fini chez mon amie, encore à moitié drunk, avec les mecs du marché qui commençaient déjà à installer leurs stands. Des barrres, on s'est fait une dernière petite clope avant de rentrer, c'était génial. A refaire absolument! Le bar s'appelle "La Pena," in case you want to know. Evidemment le réveil était très dur, je me suis perdue en sortant de chez Audrey et une vieille dame m'a aidée à trouver l'arrêt de Tram. Je n'ai rattrapé que trois heures de sommeil hier après-midi et je suis vraiment dans la merde, mais tant mieux, ça en valait largement la peine!

Sinon je suis depuis quelques temps devenue accro à Bob Dylan, mon partenaire officiel pour ces soirées d'été qui s'annoncent démentes... Son album "Blood On The Tracks" is a real masterpiece, et est coincé dans mon CD player depuis quelques jours tellement il est génial. J'ai aussi volé à mon Daddy tous les albums de Paul Weller parce que sa musique (malgré le fait que parfois, t'as juste envie de craché sur Weller tellement ça fait pop music) est parfaite pour une soirée toute seule à la casa with a couple of biscuits and warm tea (here we go again...). L'autre jour j'ai passé la plus belle soirée de toute ma vie, j'ai reçu toutes mes photos jetables et j'ai rempli mon scrapbook en écoutant Bob Dylan sur mon grand lit deux places, avec un joli rayon de soleil qui illuminait la pièce. Une sélection:





A night on the streets of Putney





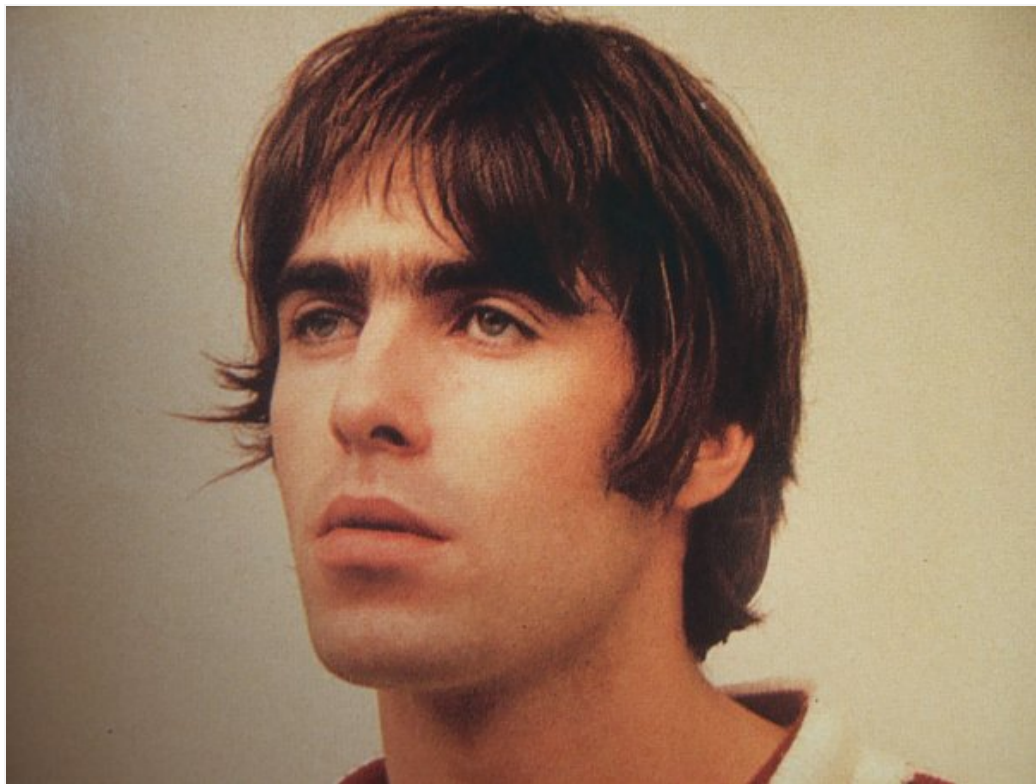


4 comments

# Daddy has such exquisite music taste

Posted in **Boredom and telly** by Loli on May 29, 2010

To begin with, I'd just like to say that *Beady Eye* sounds absolutely appalling. The name reminds me of people like Mad-Eye Moody and Sybill Trelawney from HP, as well as Gordon Brown, for that matter. Besides, what's the point of Liam Gallagher being in a band if it isn't Oasis? I swear that man is driving me up the fucking wall... I'm not going to deny I'll be the first in line if I ever get to hear some good music again, but I mean, he's just digging an even deeper grave! They should've all called it a night after Knebworth in '96, really. In my opinion, anyway.



Those iguana eyes... ah!

Oh and about The Drums, the only fit one is Jacob... as illustrated in my painted-up picture below (haha, I am sooooo lame). Mr Blond Man, you are no model. Stop trying to hold that award like it's a prop from a Vogue cover shoot or something, you twat.



I had the most amazing day today. I dropped off my disposable camera at Fnac (should get the pictures by Wednesday - happy bunny!). I spent ages listening to the new Foals album, *Total Life Forever*. It's very, very good; for the moment, the tracks I recommend you get are 'Spanish Sahara' and 'This Orient.' That shop is so expensive though, I found the best albums in the world but they were all extremely pricey. 25 euros for a Smiths album, whatthefuck? Oh well. This evening was nice too. I discovered that in 1992, Paul Weller sounded like a fucking pop singer. Listen to his song, 'Round And Round.' Quite appalling, to be honest. But anyway, I ate apple crisps, read my magazines, listened to Paul Weller and Bob Dylan on my CD player. Can you believe it? Who still uses one of those these days?

I've decided to stop going out unless it's really worth it, too. Unless it's one of my friends' birthday or some other random shit. It's working pretty well for the moment, I'm happy with myself! Hope you all are too. Sorry I'm being so random. Gotta run, toodles, take care guys xx

3 comments

If you stress the second syllable of the word “Arabic”, it sounds like “a rabbit”

Posted in **Boredom and telly, modelicious** by Loli on May 19, 2010





Bon, allez, je crois que je vais commencer à donner un sens à ma vie. Honnêtement, je suis passionnée par un tas de choses, dont la politique, la sociologie, la psychologie, l'économie, jouer au théâtre, la musique, voyager, la mode. Et ça ne s'arrête surtout pas là. Il y a tant de choses que j'aimerais faire, tant d'aspirations que je tiens dans mon petit crâne de moineau. Mon seul problème, c'est que je ne sais pas par où commencer. La musique, la mode, voyager – c'est fait. Enfin, il faut quand même bien le dire, je ne suis jamais sortie en dehors de l'Europe; et d'ailleurs, ça ne me manque pas. Je suis très contente en France, en Angleterre. Mais la politique, la sociologie et l'économie sont une étape plus importante à franchir. J'ai plein de livres sur ma table de chevet, sur l'économie du Royaume-Uni post-Thatcher, sur la sociologie. Je me suis même fait une petite liste de lecture avec quelques grandes oeuvres que je devrais impérativement lire avant de compléter mon dossier, si je veux aller à la LSE ou même, encore mieux, à Cambridge.

The only problem is, I can't find the time and the courage to read them. I watch the news every single evening – Channel 4 News, to be precise (I love it when TV channels are left-wing) – but I seem to have grown out of reading. I read the news on the BBC website all the time, yet I never find the motivation to read the books you need.

However, I cannot wait to be a student. I can picture my future right now: at the LSE, going to uni every morning from Tottenham Court Road, sitting in lectures about Politics, about Philosophy, about Sociology. Grabbing a coffee in the morning before heading to the library to finish a superbly written, four star essay on Politics. Haha. Taking part in the Students' Union, going out every Friday and Saturday night with my new LSE friends. Paying a visit to Mum 'n' Dad whenever they come over to the flat in St John's Wood. After visiting my old house in Stoke Newington over Easter, I came up with an idea: why don't my parents move back to London after my lil' bro's finished school? It's a beautiful little house, near the park, and we still own it. Whatever we do, there is absolutely no way we can sell it; I love it too much to see it go.

# Spanish Sahara

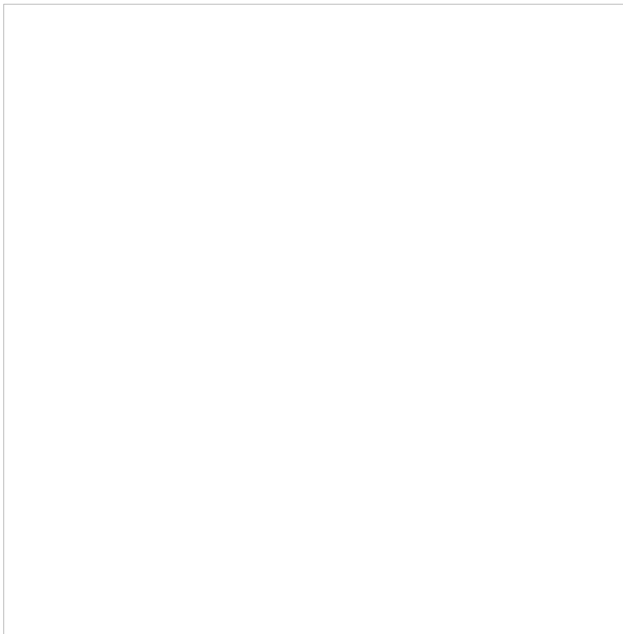
Posted in **Fuck it, Oasis, Noel or Liam** by Loli on May 15, 2010

Yesterday I was really angry for some stupid reason, after having a fight with pretty much *the whole world*. I got to my room and made a playlist named *Angry*, with plenty of tunes to make me feel better. I found these photos on the NME website and *they* immediately made me feel happy. The colours are absolutely fabulous, especially on the ones from Weston-super-Mare (where the Roll With It cover was shot). I love the one where Liam is dressed up in his gorgeous parka and Adidas trainers... yummy. I want my husband to dress like that.

**Just Like Heaven - The Cure**  
**Love Will Tear Us Apart - Joy Division**  
**The Boys Are Back In Town - Thin Lizzy**  
**To Be Someone - The Jam**  
**You Really Got Me - The Kinks**  
**Rock 'n' Roll Star - Oasis**  
**Baba O'Reilly - The Who**  
**How? - John Lennon**  
**Why? - The Specials**









6 comments

## Back into the whole where I was born.

Posted in **Freedom, London, cigarettes and/or alcohol** by Loli on May 9, 2010

Boy oh boy, were those two weeks off amazing! My family and I are rather dodgy and travel by ferry – which was a precious advantage because of the motherfucking volcano, the whole of Britain was grounded and therefore the Eurostar and Eurotunnel were jam-packed. My first week was spent in London, chilling, taking time off at the flat in St John's Wood (no sighting of Liam or anything of the sort this time); and my second was spent at my Nan's in West Yorkshire, near Bradford. Needless to say, the coolest was the week in London. I can't say Bradford's a passion... And obviously, I had an Indian on my first night in London, after about seven hours of intense travelling. Onion bahji and chicken tikka, yummy!



Monday 19th April

I had decided I would be doing two or three hours of work every morning of the week before going out and about. Fail, epic fail. All I did every morning was feed on **Crunchy Peanut Butter**, laze around the flat, play games on my phone and watch morning telly. Good fun nonetheless! I tried to phone my friends but

none of them were available and some weren't even picking up the phone. So I decided to go for a walk because I had nothing to do... it was such a beautiful day! Thank God I didn't stay in. I took the tube to [Camden](#) and went walkies ("another sunny afternoon"). I literally had so much fun, even though I was alone – it was just great to get out and get some energy! I spoke to some man on Camden High St. working for Amnesty Int. for ages; I don't even know how we got talking, but he told me I looked at least 20, which was so fulfilling! I then walked up to the Stables Market and found a beautiful ring for only £1, which made me very happy with myself. Now, every girl knows that shopping is like a tub of Pringles: "once you pop, you can't stop!" So I made my way back to the tube and got off at Marble Arch Station. I ran into [Primark](#) rubbing my hands with glee. And bought... erm, a pair of sandals (?). "MUM, listen, I swear I needed a pair, summer's coming up quite soon and I couldn't do without a pair of sandals could I?" ... yeah, whatever, Lolita. Shut up, will you. They really are beautiful though, they are a tan colour with a sort of blue round stone in the middle. And only £8! Brilliant deal! Brilliant shopping spree!

#### Tuesday 20th April

I woke up early. I love waking up early. That way I know I'm not wasting my time. I got ready, had my breakfast (Weetabix and Rice Krispies, oh how I miss you!), had a shower, and put on my [fanciest](#) clothes. As a matter of fact, when in London, I put extra effort into what I look like, so as not to feel like the odd one out in the midst of all the fashion beauty and extravagance! I put on a white T-shirt dress with Aztec sort of black stuff all over the front of it ([Topshop](#)); my green parka ([Zara](#)); a pair of shabby tights; and my beloved brown hiker boots ([Urban](#)). Oh, and a pair of vintage sunnies ([Camden](#)). I made my way to High Street Ken, where I was supposed to meet Luna and Zoe at 2.30pm. I got there a little earlier than planned (I sort of tend to underestimate London Transport most of the time), so I had a look in H&M, and Topshop. And that's where I bumped into Connie and Jess! They told me they were going to the [park](#) too (for 4/20, national smoke-a-spliff day)... and so Luna, Zoe and I had lunch in [Hyde Park](#) – tomato soup, biscuits and banana chips. And caramel peanuts. Lord, those were the death of me. It was sunny, a beautiful day, I must admit. We joined Meely and her gang to celebrate – what a delicious spliff that was! With a can of K, which is cider by the way. Probably one of the highlights of the week! And I ended up going home, gathering some shit, and taking the tube all the way to Putney and having a curry (second Indian in 48 hours) with Luna and her whole family. And I slept over. What a lovely day!

#### Wednesday 21st April

In the morning, we tidied Luna's house up, had lots of tea and did some homework and revising in the garden sunshine. Another amazing day ahead of us. We had lunch outside (again!), and shortly after that, I left Putney, a smile on my face: I was going to meet my mum on Oxford St. for *another shopping spree*. It was so much fun! She bought me a [grey](#) studded T-shirt, a flowery crop-top, a [denim](#) shirt and a [dark-blue](#), Grecian style summer dress. You don't get many Londoners in [Primark](#) on a Wednesday afternoon! My parents were going to my old house in Stoke Newington and asked me to come with them... I was so happy! I hadn't seen the inside of it for at least seven years – not that much had changed! We got to see it because our tenants were leaving. After that, we had an Indian (WHAT) on Newington Green. Suruchi, to be precise. Yeah I really am addicted. Although Hackney has improved, it's still more or less the same. We heard a gunshot fired from the Green – dodgy, huh? Oh, and I was gutted to find out Weller was playing at the Union Chapel with Noel in Islington! I was just a borough away!

#### Thursday 22nd April

SUCH a lazy day! I got up so late, like around lunchtime, because I was so bloomin' tired. But the sun was shining bright so it didn't make a difference really. I decided I wanted to go back to Islington Upper Street to do some charity shopping (there are plenty of charity shops over there) – Islington is my favourite borough because it's where I grew up! (and, incidentally, where I got Batman videos from the rental shop when I was about 4, haha). I don't know why, but I caught a 189 to Oxford Circus (going the opposite direction, but nevermind!) and ended up rummaging in Topshop, H&M and Urban for a bit. I

rang up my friend Alex (who was in London with me at New Year's) to rub it in his face, it was so lovely to talk to someone from Paris! I then took a number 10 to King's Cross, and a **30 TO HACKNEY WICK!** (Spot anything familiar?). I bought a pretty beige crochet top for only £1.50. Huge bargain, hehe. After that I duly made my way home, because there lay a long Friday ahead of me.

Friday 23rd April



I phoned up Meely in the morning to see what her plans were and found that she was free. We arranged to meet up at 2.30pm at **Notting Hill Gate** tube with Luna and Zoe – that’s the stop for **Portobello Road** by the way. Sun still shining, and it was a Friday, so all the stalls were going to be open. We walked all the way from **Notting Hill** to **Ladbroke Grove**. On the way we found the “£2 shop”, where Meely bought this awful canary yellow dress! Then we found an Oriental-style shop, where Zoe bought a pair of comfy, mushy **dark-blue** trousers. Under the highway, the bought a helluva lot of jewellery. I bought three £1 rings and one £3 bangle, and the girls bought some other random crap too. Meely bought a Union Jack scarf at a Vintage Stall. I was looking for a white dress for my best friend’s 18<sup>th</sup>, but I couldn’t find *anything* which I found remotely attractive. Hmpf. Sadly, Meely had to leave because she had some work to do (so did I, but er, I didn’t really care). Luna, Zoe and I went to the East End – **Spitalfields**, to be precise – to see Alternative Fashion Week, and find a white dress for me. It was so amazing. Spitalfields is basically a huge covered clothes-market, with stalls ranging from Vintage to Camden-style dresses. And I found my dress! Only 10 quid! After that, we went to Tottenham Court Road to **Foyles**, a big big bookshop, where there’s a lovely jazz café. We spent about an hour in there, reading the papers, eating banana cake and eyeing a pair of fucking gorgeous saxophonists. Haha, fun stuff... and finally, we made our way home, back to Luna’s, in **Putney**. We bought plenty of booze (K, very strong cider) and just sat in the middle of the road, on roundabouts and street corners. We had ice-cream and biscuits, and after a while, just collapsed onto our beds. The perfect end to a perfect week!

3 comments

Louder than sirens, louder than bells. ☐



Chung, Geldof and Dellal. Three amazing style icons.

Je suis bien rentrée de Londres, Dimanche soir, tout s'est très bien passé. J'ai décidé d'attendre que les photos de mon appareil jetable soient prêtes pour faire mon article, car j'ai bien peur que sans images le text soit *slightly tedious*. Avec un peu de chance, donc, vous le verrez la semaine prochaine. En attendant, je suis calée au fond de mon lit depuis ce matin 9h00 car je suis malade. La musique qui me berce est, entre autres, **Florence And The Machine** ainsi que **Blur**, **Bombay Bicycle Club** et **Ian Dury and the Blockheads**. I honestly feel like shit. I was wearing one of my new pieces of clothing this morning – my studded t-shirt! Gutted, honest. Oh well, guess I'm going to collapse some more or go and get something to eat... I have a very large essay about immigration in the UK to write, and also a Bac Blanc de Français which I have to catch up. Ah, fuck it.

**VOTE LABOUR ON 6TH MAY! SAY NO TO ANOTHER TORY GOVERNMENT!**

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2 comments

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